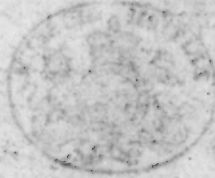


Receives

Tony Lumpkin in Town:

F A R C E



[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

Handwritten: R. V. K. 1891

Tony Lumpkin in Town

F A R C E



[PRICE ONE SHILLING]

H. V. Keefe (J)

Tony Lumpkin in Town:

A

F A R C E.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

IN THE

H A Y - M A R K E T.

B Y J. K E E F F E,

Author of the Musical Farce, call'd

T H E S O N - I N - L A W.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. C A D E L L, in the Strand.

M D C C L X X X.

1780

Tony Lumpkin in Town

P. A. R. C. E.

THE

W. H. A. T. E. R. O. Y. A. L.



W. H. A. T. E. R. O. Y. A. L.

BY J. K. E. F. F. E.

Author of the Modern Law, etc.

THE SON-IN-LAW.

L O N D O N :

Printed for D. Collier, at the Strand.

1852.

D E D I C A T I O N

T O

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

S I R,

I AM happy that the mode of dedication presents me with an opportunity of paying even so small a portion of that respectful tribute due to politeness, probity, and candour, as laying this Farce at your feet; but most particularly, I felicitate myself on an occasion of offering my acknowledgment of thanks, for the great part you bore in the success of the SON-IN-LAW. By the indulgent reception with which you favoured my first piece, I was flattered into a desire of attempting a second, when you first pointed out the principal material; and then, by your judicious alterations, happy additions, and strict attention to the conduct, you promoted the SON-IN-LAW to whatever rank it now

may hold in the public favour. The town, possessed of judgment to perceive merit, and liberality to reward it, seems, by its beneficent patronage, sensible of your endeavours and abilities, to render the drama upon your Theatre, what it should be, an entertainment of elegance, instruction, and delight. That each purpose is amply answered, accept my sincere congratulation. With ardent wishes, that the generous warmth of public approbation may continue to cherish your hopes, and crown your deserts, I have the honour to remain,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

Much obliged,

and truly devoted

humble servant,

Cork,
July, 1780.

JOHN KEEFFE.

PRO-

P R O L O G U E.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

*I*F there's a Critick here, who hates what's low,
We humbly beg the gentleman would go :
He's very welcome to have seen the Play,
To take his money back, and walk away.
Our Poet is the fearfull'st man on earth,
And fears too much sour sense may spoil your mirth ;
He wishes plain blunt folks, that laugh and cry,
As nature prompts, and ask no reason why.
To-night no Two-Act Comedy you'll view,
But a mere Farce ! the characters not new,
And all your old acquaintance : Tony Lumpkin,
In town, 'tis true, but still a country bumpkin.
His friend Tim Tickle too, who danc'd the bear ;
Bruin, the bear himself---nay, never stare ;
He shall not hurt you, ladies---keep your places !
The bear-leader has given him the graces.
This rustic groupe, bear, bear-leader, 'Squire, Clown,
The frolick muse of Farce now drives to town.
Her elder sister, Comedy, has wit,
But Farce has fun, and oft' a lucky hit ;
If she yields laugh, a laugh let none despise ;
Be merry, if you can, and not too wise.

P E R S O N S.)

Mr. Jonquil, - - -	Mr. LAMASH.
Tony Lumpkin, - - -	Mr. PARSONS.
Doctor Minim, - - -	Mr. R. PALMER.
Pulville, - - - -	Mr. BLISSET.
Tim Tickle, - - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
Frank, - - - - -	Mr. EGAN.
Diggory, - - - -	Mr. MASSEY.
Shoemaker, - - - -	Mr. KENNY.
Taylor, - - - - -	Mr. PIERCE.
Painter, - - - - -	Mr. DAVIS.
Footman, - - - - -	Mr. PAINTER.
Mrs. Jonquil, - - -	Mrs. HITCHCOCK.
Lavender, - - - -	Miss HALE.

S C E N E, *Mr. Jonquil's house in London.*

TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Hall.*----*Horn sounds.*

Enter Diggory, meeting Frank. Diggory carrying a dish of cold beef, and a tankard. A Footman following Frank with a tea-board.

Frank. **M**R. Diggory, your master's up ; I hear his horn.

Dig. Aye, Master Frank, I've got his breakfast here.

Frank. Beef and porter ! his stomach is delicate this morning.

B

Dig.

2 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

Dig. Why, yes, he's always a little puny after a night's hard drinking. Aye, about a pound and half, or so, will make him easy 'till near two, and then----

(Bell rings) -

Frank. Ha! I think my master's a little impatient too for his breakfast.

Footman. Shall I take up the things, Mr. Frank?

Frank. 'Sdeath! what do you wait here for? Fly! I imagined you had left 'em above this half hour.

Foot. Why I thought---

Frank. You thought! Ah! this thinking is the ruin of us. Now if you wou'd not think, but do as you are desired, it would make---

Foot. I suppose a man may have leave.

Frank. No conversation, I beseech you. *(Bell rings.)* Have you any ears?

Foot. I have, and hands too, and that you shall find some time or other.----Takes more box upon himself than the master! [*Half aside, and exit with the tea things.*]

Frank. The impertinence and freedom of these scoundrels is absolutely intolerable.

Dig. Who should he make free with, if he wou'dn't with his fellow servants?

Frank. Fellow servants, Mr. Diggory! Do you make no difference between a fellow in a livery, and a gentleman's gentleman? In the country, I suppose, it's "hail fellow, well met;" but here, sir, we are delicate, nice, in our distinctions; for a valet moves in a sphere, and lives in a stile as superior to a footman, as a Pall-mall groom porter to the marker of a tennis-court.

Dig.

Dig. For certain, sir, we vale-de-shams are grand fellows; but you'll see more of that when I get on my new regimen---I mean my new liver;----psha! my new clothes, I mean. Did you breakfast, sir?

Frank. Yes, I've had my chocolate.

Dig. Do take one slice of beef.

Frank. What a vulgar breakfast! beef! shocking!

Dig. I don't know as to that, sir, but I have heard my old master, Mr. Hardcastle, say, that beef was Queen Elizabeth's breakfast; and, if that's the case, I think it's good enough for I.

Frank. But isn't that for your master?

Dig. O, I'll leave enough for he, I'll warrant.

(*Bell rings.*)

Frank. That must be for me, Mr. Diggory. Bon Jour!

[*Exit.*]

Dig. How genteel he looks in his master's old clothes!

Enter Tim Tickle.

Tick. Ha, Diggory! the London air agrees with you, I find; keep working, lad; strong beer is our stream of life, liberty our vital air, and in good beef lies the marrow of an English constitution----that's in the genteel way. (*Horn sounds.*)

Dig. I must follow the sound of the horn.

[*Exit with beef, singing.*]

Enter Frank.

Frank. Mr. Tickle, several persons are waiting below for Mr. Lumpkin, and they ask to see you.

Tickle.

4 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

Tickle. Persons !

Frank. Yes, sir; there are tailors, shoemakers, milliners, perfumers, dancing-masters, music masters and boxing masters.

Tickle. I'll be with them in a pig's whisper.

Frank. Pig's whisper ! what a fellow for a gentleman's tutor ! O ! he's a shocking dog ! *[Exit.]*

Tickle. Aye ! now how could he do without me ? If he wants a coat cut in the kick, who can shew him ? I---A tasty nab ? Why Tim.----Handsome pumps ? I know the go. If he'd have a tune from his music-master, a thrust from his pushing-master, a step from his dancing-master, or a square from his boxing-master, I'm the boy that can shew him life in the genteel way.

Enter Diggory.

Dig. Master Tickle, the 'Squire wants you.

Tickle. I stir.

Dig. I'll tell him so. *[Exit.]*

Tickle. They can do nothing without me. Tony Lumpkin's nobody without Tim Tickle. I'll go---no---I think I'll step first and give my bear his breakfast; poor soul ! many a good one he has got me; aye, and may again for aught I know. The 'Squire's good at a promise, that's certain; but what's a promise ? Pye-crust. I'd no more depend upon a gentleman's promise, than I would upon a broken staff, or a candidate for the county after he had gained his election, *[Exit.]*

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Mr. Jonquil discovered in a morning undress, Frank attending with chocolate.

Jonq. Frank, has your lady quitted her apartment?

Frank. Yes, sir, I think I heard Mrs. Lavender say----Oh, sir, here is my lady. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Jonquil and Lavender.

Jonq. A good morning to you, my dear.

Mrs. Jonq. Thank you, love. Lavender, give those cards to Pompey, and desire him to deliver them agreeable to their address. I have an immensity of visits, but must pay them this morning in paper; or, Shock, you dear polite toad, will you take the chair, and be my representative to the ladies? *(to a lap-dog, which Lavender carries under her arm.)*

[*Exit Lavender.*

Oh, my head! such a night! Mr. Jonquil, when did you break up at the masquerade?

Jonq. I fancy, my dear, 'twas five.

Mrs. Jonq. I might as well have accompanied you there, for I counted the clock 'till four. A masquerade to this house last night, was a Quaker's meeting. Such a noise and uproar!

Jonq. Uproar! what was the mrtter?

Mrs. Jonq. Only your cousin Tony holding his nocturnal revels.

Jonq. Tony! So, so, 'twas here he came, when he slipped from me at the Pantheon.

6 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

Mrs. Jonq. Yes, here he came indeed; and such a ball as he held with the bear and the servants, and the mob out of the street, I believe!

Enter Lavender.

Lav. Madam, I'm sorry I'm obliged to complain of a servant, but don't blame me, ma'am; but indeed there's no such thing as living in the house.

Mrs. Jonq. What is all this?

Lav. Why ma'am, Mr. Diggory, 'Squire Lumpkin's man, ran into your ladyship's dressing-room, and snatched your cold cream off the toilet.

Jonq. Ha! ha! ha! what in the name of delicacy could Diggory want with the cold cream?

Lav. He said it would do to oil his wig, sir.

Jonq. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Jonq. Nay, but Mr. Jonquil, this is beyond bearing. I'll assure you I'll---

Jonq. Come, my dear, don't be discomposed, 'twill soon be at an end. [Exit Lavender.]

Let me see what time his mother proposes to be in town, for I think she says she'll take a house for him. I have his letter here. I wish he was in a house of his own, from my soul, for in a fortnight I should not know mine from a carrier's inn.

Mrs. Jonq. What gives me most singular amazement, is, that you chuse to be seen in public with him.

Jonq. I grant he is not the most eligible companion for a man of fashion: but at a masquerade I was safe from censure, for every body imagined the uncouthness

TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN. 7

couthness of his appearance, and rusticity of his manners, merely the effect of his imitative genius. The company thought his behaviour all assumed, put on *pour l'occasion*; for he threw off his domino, and I'll assure you, simple nature got him infinite reputation. He gaped at the masks, roared most stentoriously discordant with the musick; overset the pyramids, pocketed the sweetmeats, broke the glasses, made love to an Arcadian dairy maid, tripped up the heels of a harlequin, beat a hermit, who happened to be a captain in the guards, and gave a bishop a black eye.

Mrs. Jong. But his mother's epistle; I languish to hear it.

Jong. I ask your pardon; here it is. (*Takes out a letter and reads.*)

" Dear Cousin,

" In the bearer of this, I introduce to your care
" and friendship my dear son Tony. I'll assure you,
" cousin, Tony with your help will make a bright
" man, as he's already humoursome and comical. I
" shall be in town myself in about a fortnight, or
" three weeks, and then I intend taking a house for
" him, in some airy, fashionable part, somewhere
" near Duke's Place, as I'd have him near the King's
" Palace. No more at present from your loving
" cousin,
" DOROTHEA HARDCASTLE.

" P. S. Mr. Hardcastle's and my love to cousin
" Emilia. I request you'll take Tony to Sadler's
" Wells, as I'm sure he'll like operas."

(*A horn sounds without.*)

Mrs. Jong. Bless me, what's that?

Jong.

8 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

Jong. Oh, that's Tony's summons for his man ; he says he hates the ringing of bells, therefore has invented that polite substitute. [*Tony calls without.*]

Tony. Hollo, Diggory, hollo.

Jongu. Oh, here he comes.

Tony. (without) Hollo! flap up the bear here.

Mrs. Jong. Heaven defend us, sure he won't drive in a bear here.

Jong. No, no, my dear, don't be alarm'd.

Tony. (without.) Come along, Bruin.

Enter Tony Lumpkin.

Come in ; I long to introduce Bruin to my relations. Cousin Milly, will you see the bear, ma'am, if you please ?

Mrs. Jong. Bear! oh heavens! [*Runs off.*]

Tony. Cousin Milly's very timbersome, sure ; Bruin is a mighty civil beast ; why he's as gentle as the good-natured lion in the Tower, that let's the dog lie in his den with him.

Jong. I don't entertain a doubt of his politeness or good-nature ; but you'll eternally oblige me by sending him down.

Tony. Now would it oblige you in downright earnest ?

Jong. Beyond measure.

Tony. Tim, walk Bruin down again : bid him first make his honours at the door tho'. Come here---only, cousin, look,---only look at him. Servant, sir ; why he learned among the grown gentlemen at Hatton-garden. Ah do now let him in, and he, and I,
and

TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN. 9

and you, will dance the hay. He's muzzled! Tim, an't he muzzled?

Tim. (without.) Yes, Sir.

Tony. Oh! then there's no danger; you see he cou'dn't bite you, if he had a mind; he can only scratch you a little.

Jonq. Gads curse, but I'm not dispos'd to be scratch'd this morning.

Tony. Oh! very well; any other time. Only say the word; and Bruin's the boy for it: Slap him down, lad.

Jonq. I wish the Devil had you and him together: Such a fellow!--Mr. Lumkin, have you a fancy for this house?

Tony. Anan?

Jonq. I say, do you like this house?

Tony. Like it? for certain I do.

Jonq. Then to you and the bear; I must absolutely resign it.

Tony. I thank you for your kind offer; but if you was to give me your house, and your pyebalds, and your visee vie, I would not thank you; because them that give all, give nothing at all. But indeed if you'd let me bring in a little queen with me some night or other, unknown to cousin Milly, you'd make me as happy as a king.

Jonq. Oh, fie!

Tony. Oh fie! Baw! shake hands! Why don't you get drunk sometimes? It's mighty pleasant! ay, and very wholesome, once a week. Dr. What-d'ye-

C

call-um

10 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

call-um says so, in the book that lies in my mama's window : what say you to a bout, cousin, ha?

Jong. Excuse me; drinking is, in my opinion, the most savage and barbarous method, that ever brutality invented, to murder time and intellects.

Tony. By jingo, then mama is the first time-killer within ten miles of Quagmire Marsh : Oh! she loves a sup dearly.

Jong. For shame! Mr. Lumpkin.

Tony. Oh! take me, it's all in the genteel way, tho'; for my mama always sipp'd her cordial out of a tea-pot; and then, before folks, it was only a drop of cold tea, you know.

Jong. Ha, ha, ha!

Tony. Ay, and Cousin Con, Miss Nevill, that was courting me, used to drink like a glass-blower, all in the sentimental way : Over a love-story book, she and my mama wou'd read and sip till it came out of their eyes. Sure Cousin Con was in love with me; Oh! how sweetly she'd kiss me after a chapter of Mildmay, and a twist of the tea-pot.

Jong. Yes, yes, what I've always found; curse me! if there's a woman in the world easier had, than the die-away romantic novellist.

Tony. How fine I tell lies! he swallows them like syllabub. (*Aside.*)

Jong. But you gave me the slip last night, at the Pantheon; why did not you wait for supper?

Tony. Why, I love my supper as well as any body, especially after a day's hunting; because then we have something to talk of. But the snug way for my

money; and we had our own gig here at home; I never saw the bear so airy.

Jong. But what think you of the splendor of the Pantheon? Is'n't it the temple of Elegance? an Olympus hall, worthy the gods to revel in?

Tony. Gods do you call 'em? I took some of 'em for rascals. A fool of a fellow would have it, that I was a lady; now I am sure I have not a bit of the lady about me, except the softness of my voice: but the monkey was a macaroni; and those beaux, I fancy, make as much use of a woman, as they do of a sword; they keep both merely for shew. Oh, now I talk of that, by jingo, I saw a power of fine shews yesterday, o'top of Ludgate-hill.

Jong. Shews?

Tony. Ay, I believe I've seen all the fine shews now; aye, Gog and Magog, St. Paul's and the Tower, and the high post near the Bridge, that's going to fall upon the neighbours heads; and I've seen a hanging, and a house on fire; and I paid a halfpenny to walk over the Thames at Blackfriars; and I eat calves-head turtle, opposite the Bank; and saw Lord Thingumme's fine coach, and the Lilliputian Patagonians, and the stock-brokers on 'Change; the mad folks in Bedlam, and the actor folks at the play-houses: one of the play men at What-d'ye-call-it play-house was very like you, and——

Jong. But, Mr. Lumpkin, I imagine 'tis time for you to begin to dress; some of the *Scavoir Vivre* and *Dilettanti* dine with me to-day, and you'll be a precious exhibition. (*Aside.*)

12 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

Tony. Ay, ay, I'll be as fine as the sheriff's horse, by-and-by.

[*Enter Diggory in a new livery; and struts in an awkward conceited manner, across the stage. Tony leads him by the arm back to the door.*]

Get out!

Dig. Why, sure, 'Squire, you'll be proud enough yourself of your new clothes when you get into them.

Tony. Yes; but there's difference between the miller and his dog. Pray know your distance; and I desire, Diggory, you'll never dare to be so superstitious with me, before company. (*Aside.*)

Dig. Well, I won't.

Tony. You won't?---I think you might call me, my honour; and not waste much of your manners.

Dig. If that's the case, there's all kinds of nice tradesfolks, and ingenious learners, of all sizes, waiting below for My Honour.

Tony. Your Honour, you cuckold, it's my honour they want.

Dig. I'll tell them so, sir; your honour, I mean. [*Exit.*]

Tony. Well, now, cousin, I'll go; and---

Jong. Sir, Mr. Lumpkin, I have a trifling request to make.

Tony. What is it? I'll give you any thing you ask.

Jong. That you will dress with all possible celebrity; for I languish to see you one of us.

Tony. Hollo, for lace and powder. Hollo, Diggory; hey, for grandeur---yoics---hark forward, taylor's, milliners, and glorious haberdashers! hollo, hollo!

Jong. Such a fellow!---makes more noise than a kennel of hounds. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *An Antichamber.*

Several tradespeople, and Tim. Tickle.

Tim. He will ; I sent his man to tell him.

Tay. Greatly obliged to you, fir.

Tim. You are so, if you knew all ; but, for my good word, 'Squire Jonquil wou'd have took Monsieur Frippery, the new fashion French taylor.

Enter Diggory.

Dig. He's coming ; pray sit down, gentlemen ; it's as cheap sitting as standing.

Tim. Diggory, keep your own station. I do all in the gentleman-usher way, d'ye see ; because why, I know the genteel thing ; but take me, neighbours, I don't want you to stand, d'ye mind me ; only, Diggory, your encroaching upon my compartment, is just as tho'f, as how, as if my bear was to snatch my hurdy-gurdy out of my hand, and pok'd me till I mov'd a hornpipe.

Dig. For certain, that would not be manners ; but I was only ---

Tim. Say no more ! you're an ignorant man ; and you don't know the genteel thing.

Enter Tony.

Tony. Hey, for grandeur, lace and powder ! which of you is my taylor ?

Tay. I'm the man, fir.

Dig. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Tim.

14 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

Tim. What do you laugh for?

Dig. Ecod, I can't help it, to hear the taylor call himself a man; when we all know he'd take eight of his journeymen to make him one.

Tony. Come, come, keep the line. Have you my clothes, Mr. Taylor?

Tay. Here they are, sir; and a more fashionable suit never hung upon the back of an ambassador.

Tony. Tim, do they fit me?

Tim. Quite the kick.

Tay. But won't your honour try them on?

Tony. No; it's too much trouble. I make Tim try on all my new clothes for me.

Shoe. Your shoes, sir.

Tony. Black sattin, beautiful! ah, Tim, if I had but my silver Artois buckles I lost!

(Dr. Minum sings without.)

Tony. Hey! what merry fellow's this? Get along, boys, leave your goods, and send your bills to Tim.

[Exeunt tradesmen.]

Here, Diggory, lay my clothes ready.

[Exit Diggory with clothes.]

Enter Frank,

Frank. Doctor Minum,

[Exit Frank.]

Enter Minum, singing.

Doct. (sings) Tol de rol, loll. Gentlemen, I ask ten thousand pardons: I thought Mr. Jonquil had been here; but if I don't mistake, Mr. Lumpkin, I presume. *(to Tim,)*

Tim.

Tim. You're wrong, tight boy, that there's the 'Squire; I'm Tim Tickle, his tutor.

Doct. Sir, I'm very glad to see you well.

Tony. That's a damn'd lie, if you're a right doctor, and know I've got fifteen hundred pounds a year.

(*aside.*)

Doct. If your auricular organs be happily humaniz'd to the celestial science of harmony, from your affinity to a gentleman of Mr. Jonquil's taste, you may command my assistance.

Tony. Oh, I'm not long enough in London to stand in need of a doctor.

Tim. No, d'ye see, lad, we want no doctors nor poticaries yet. I don't know how long we may remain so.

Doct. Your pardon, gentlemen---but, I fancy---

Tony. Did you know Jack Slang, the horse doctor?

Doct. Entirely unacquainted with any of the faculty; but under favour, there's a trifling mistake in this overture to our acquaintance. Give me leave to inform you, gentlemen, I am not one of the prescribing performers, who convey this human instrument, the body, to its mortal case, by pill, bolus, or draught; but I shift the soul above the stars, in sounds seraphic, by minum, crotchet, and quaver. And please to observe, that tho' I am a doctor, I've no more skill in the *materia medica* than an advertising quack; I am a professor of music, and composer of original pieces, in that elegant and mellifluous science; and,
to

16 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

to oblige my friends; a select sett of the first rank and distinction, I instruct on the violin.

Tony. Then ten to one, but you know how to play the fiddle.

Doct. I'd venture to accompany you in that better.

Tony. Zounds, man, cou'd not you say at once that you were a fiddler, and not come round to it with such a circumbendibus?

Doct. Fiddler, in the name of Orpheus! Eh! what! fiddler? allow me, sir, a *da capo* to my own introduction?

Tim. A what?

Doct. Three bar rests, if you please, sir; I am surpriz'd you can be so much out of tune, gentlemen. I am one of the connoisseurs---have had the honour to be balloted a member of three select private concerts, composed of persons of the first rank, aye the Alto Primo of taste---had the refusal of the band of Carlisle House---led the band for five seasons at Vauxhall---had some thoughts of purchasing the gardens myself---I have compos'd two oratorios, ten serenatas; three sets of overtures, concertos for Signior Florentini's violoncello, songs for the Capricci of Palermo, and solos for Madam Sirmen's violin, grand ballets for Signor Georgettini, Signora Caperini, Signora Baccini, Signora---

Tim. Damn your Signioras and your Signiors, your Inis and Winis; can you play, Water Parted, or Lango-lee?---that's the genteel thing.

Tony. Oh, may hap they're too hard for him. Give me your hand; I'll give it you again; I love a fiddler,

TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN. 17

fiddler, because one may make him play till he's tir'd, and then kick him down stairs---Do, dine with me to-morrow.

Doct. I'll promise you any thing, to get from you to-day. (*aside.*) I shall positively do myself that honour, sir.

Tony. That's a good fellow; but bring your fiddle under your coat, will you? you shall have as much liquor as you can carry.

Doct. You're superlatively good, sir.

Tony. The devil a better---You shall hear Tim Tickle touch up his hurdy-gurdy.

Doct. Oh, sir!

Tony. You shall see the bear dance too.

Doct. That must be fine indeed!

Tim. Why, it's the genteel thing; 'Squire will have the dulcimer man.

Doct. Ah, Caro Divino! we shall have a delightful concert---I shall certainly attend you, gentlemen; but a most particular engagement obliges me to deprive myself of the felicity of your company at present.

Tony. Hold, hold, doctor; you must give us a rasp before you go; Tim, fetch the fiddle out of the next room; cousin Jonquil was playing on it just now.

Tim. I stir.

[Exit.

Doct. Orpheus, protect me! (*Aside*)

Tony. You will give us a scrape; ha, boy?

Doct. Oh, sir (*bows*) how shall I get out of this scrape? (*Aside*)

D

Tony.

18 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

Tony. (*capering before a glass*) Ay, do you find fiddling; I'll find dancing.

Doct. (*stealing towards the door*) Andante, Andantino, Piano, Pianissimo, Allegro, Presto! (*Runs off.*)

Enter Tim with a violin.

Tim. Here's the coal-box, Doctor; what! he has borrowed himself!

Tony. Gone! --- yoics --- hollo, fiddler, hollo! (*Running out, is met by Frank*) Where's this fiddler?

Frank. Fiddler, fir! oh, Doctor Minum, I suppose, you mean; lord, fir, he flies as if twenty Dutch concerts were in the wind.

Tony. The next time I catch the rascal, I'll make him play for me, and kick him all the while.

Frank. Then, fir, you'll kick him to some tune; but, fir, my master's compliments, and wishes you'd please to get dressed; it's now close upon three. (*Looks at his watch, and exit.*)

Tim. The fellow has got a tattler, strike him plump. (*Aside.*)

Tony. Zounds! I wish I cou'd get a watch, that the figures of it was not in letters; I never can know what a clock it is, by the X's and the V's and the I's---I wish I could get a watch with the figures in figures upon it.

Tim. 'Squire, that's because you know how to cypher.

Tony. I suppose so.---Hollo, Diggory, my new clothes; and then for grandeur, lace and powder---Hollo, hollo. [*Exeunt.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Dressing-Room.*

Mrs. Jonquil at her Toilet, and Lavender.

Mrs. Jonq. Ha! ha! ha! Indeed, Lavender, I think so too: but where is the savage now?

Laven. Ma'am, I fancy by this time he's almost transformed into a very fine gentleman. He's gone to drefs.

Mrs. Jonq. Drefs! Ah! his native rusticity is invincible by the powerful combination of art and elegance. His tutor a bear-dancer, you tell me; ha! ha! ha! with such a pupil a bear-leader we must grant him.

Laven. Ma'am, he has brought Mr. Tickle purposely to London with him, to shew him taste and high life in the genteel way, as he says.

Mrs. Jonq. Yes, taste and gentility at a Sunday tea-garden, and high life on the top of St. Paul's!

Enter Tim and Painter.

Tim. Come, master Painter, come along; this way, I believe, we can take a short cut to the 'Squire's room.

Mrs. Jonq. Who are these? what's the matter?

Tim. Only going to quarter the ground.

Laven. Fye, Mr. Tickle! what business have you here? and why would you bring fellows into my lady's apartment?

Tim. Fellows! why, ma'am, this is Jack Raddle, the sign-painter, that's so clever a hand at a shoulder of mutton,

Paint. Yes, and the Split Crow, Tim.

Tim. And the Bird in Hand. Why it was this here Jack that painted the Three Jolly Pigeons at Quagmire-marsh, down in our parts.

Paint. Yes, and the Saracen's Head, Tim.

Lavend. Come, come, get you along out of this, with your split crows and your shoulders of mutton.

Tim. Get out! Strike me plump! is that your manners, ma'am?

Lavend. Go, man; pray take your Saracen's Head out of this room.

Tim. Saracen's Head? Hark'ee, if you deny that you paint a Saracen's Head every morning, your tongue gives the lie to your cheeks.

Paint. Tim, that was a dash with the pound brush!

Tim. Ay, ay; I'm the boy for it. Come along; Ha! ha! ha!

Paint. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exeunt Tim and Painter.*]

Lavend. An impudent fellow! I paint a Saracen's head indeed! A pretty discerning tutor for a young gentleman!

Mrs. Jong. Lavender, hand me the eau-de-luce. I die! oh heav'ns, the fellow! throw up that sash! I shall expire!

Lavend. And no wonder, ma'am: I'm sure the chamber smells of oil worse than Greenland-dock.

Enter

Enter Diggory, who searches all round the room.

Mrs. Jonq. Heav'ns! what's this now? what do you want, man?

Lavend. Why is the devil in the fellow? For shame, Diggory! why do you come into my lady's apartment this way?

Dig. This way! why would you have me come in at the window?

Mrs. Jonq. For mercy's sake, do, good man, withdraw.

Lavend. Curse you all, I say; what do you want?

Dig. I want my master's boots.

Lavend. What the mischief could bring his boots into my lady's dressing-room?

Dig. His legs, I believe; for I think 'twas here he took them off.

Mrs. Jonq. Do, pray retire, I beseech you, sir.

Dig. I beg pardon, ma'am, I see the boots are not here; so I'll go look in the stable.

(A tapping at the door.)

Mrs. Jonq. What monster have we now?

Jonq. (without.) *Avec permission!*

Lavender. My master! madam.

Mrs. Jonq. *Entrez, monsieur.*

Enter Jonquil.

Jonq. This way, my dear, for wonder sake, quick, quick. Ha! ha! ha! such a sight, transcending all Soho!

Mrs. Jonq. My dear, I think it must be something supernatural that can excite my wonder now. But allons for this miracle. *Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Jonquil.*

Lavend.

Laven. (*looks in the glass*) A Saracen's head? yes,
it must be my lady he meant. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, *a gallery hung with pictures.*

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Jonquil.

Jonq. Now settle your features.

Mrs. Jonq. O, I set rifibility at defiance.

Jonq. Mr. Lumpkin, are you apparell'd, quite
completely a-la-mode?

Enter Tony, dress'd.

Tony. O yes, I think I'm the very colliflower of
the mode. Tell me in downright earnest, how do
you like me, (*turns round*) Eh! Cousin Milly? I
believe, now I'm something like a tanzy; how do you
like my hair, tho'?

Mrs. Jonq. Charming!

Jonq. The style most happily fancied.

Tony. So it is, cousin Milly; you've a fine head
of hair, if it's all your own---it's very like some of
the heads I saw in the barbers windows.

Mrs. Jonq. Now, that's so civil.

Tony. That's what every body says of me, that
I'm so civil; but do you know that my mama used to
dress up my hair herself every Sunday, whether I
would or no? she'd rub it up with soap, and put a
paper in the top, just like the sign of the unicorn.

Enter

Enter Lavender, and whispers Mrs. Jonquil.

Mrs. Jonq. Presently; Mr. Lumpkin, will you allow me the liberty to withdraw myself for a moment or two?

Tony. Ma'am, I'll excuse your going away with a great deal of pleasure. How polite fine clothes make a body! (*Aside*)

[*Exeunt Mrs. Jonquil and Lavender.*]

Enter Tim, who speaks, half aside, to Tony.

Tim. 'Squire, the Painter's ready.

Tony. Mum. (*apart to Tim.*)

Jonq. Pardon my curiosity, Mr. ---- excuse me, fir---you spoke of a painter; are you acquainted---I mean have you a *penchant*?

Tim. A what?

Jonq. That is, do you admire the art?

Tony. Oh, Yes, fir; my tutor's very knowing in the picture way. Tim, shall I tell cousin you carried a shew-box? (*Apart to Tim.*)

Tim. You need not mind it now. (*Aside to Tony.*)

Jonq. There are some tolerable paintings here, fir.

Tim. Yes; they are quite genteel.

Tony. I warrant, now, they stood you in a matter of fifteen or twenty pounds.

Jonq. Above ten thousand.

Tony. Pounds?

Jonq. Positively.

Tony.

Tony. What a stud and a kennel of hounds that would buy a man !

Tim. What a collection of wild beastifies !

Jonq. Besides the money I have expended in my Flemish and Italian acquisitions, during my tour, I have, at this moment, a pecuniary understanding with most of the eminent picture-dealers and auctioneers in town ; and, consequently, the refusal of antiques, coins, china, lap-dogs and original pictures.

Tim. How do you order it ?

Jonq. Briefly thus : if an extraordinary engagement prevents me from a private peep, previous to the sale, suppose me in the auction-room : a full sale, good pictures, my favourite piece, up, friend Mallet, in the heat of his oration, casts me an eye significant ; I, unperceived by the company, return an affirmative signal ; and one, two---down, the picture's mine for one third of the value.

Tim. What then becomes of his poundage ?

Jonq. That, sir, I make good by an ample *douceur*.

Tony. Well, let them say what they will of flock paper, pretty pictures for my money ; cousin, you must choose me some nice ones, when my mama takes a new house for me.

Tim. Ay, I dare say, 'Squire Jonquil knows all the painters in town, in the genteel way.

Jonq. In town?---no---no---Mr.---sir---if a modern ever intrudes upon a pannel of mine, taste must give the preference to Flemish and Italian ; if the

contrary should transpire, fir, I'd be excluded the *ton*, as void of all virtue.

Tony. Virtue! It does not shew much virtue to encourage foreigners, and let your own countrymen want bread; damn me, if I do that; and damn them that do.

Tim. Well said, tight boy; there's a fine fellow, and I'm his tutor.

Jonq. I own, fir, I'm of your opinion; but powerful fashion!---

Tony. Tim, there's a clever fellow, running after a pretty girl among the bushes!

Jonq. --- Apollo, pursuing Daphne, by Corregio; observe the modest grace in the flight of Daphne; and that figure of Apollo, what fine proportion in the outline! what a ravishing attitude!

Tim. He ought to keep his ravishing attitude 'till he catches her; now, that there I call a tall woman.

Jonq. A Vandyke!

Tony. Mrs. Vandyke?

Jonq. No, no; it is the portrait of Beatrix Constantia Contacroyana, painted by that master. The Judgment of Paris, the sleeping Venus, and that delightful picture of the Cardinal Virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity, are by Carraci; a most enchanting piece! observe how finely the Hope is relieved.

Tony. Relieved by Charity; poor soul!

Tim. That's a pretty woman that's looking up at the sky.

Jonq. A Cleopatra, by Guido.

Tony. See the little eel in her hand ! that's a dark looking man in the black bonnet.

Jonq. A Rembrandt, by himself.

Tony. Yes ; he's all alone ; there's a woman riding on a white bull.

Jonq. Europa, an undoubted Raphael.

Tony. No !

Jonq. As true as the cartons.

Tim. Riding on a bull ! strike her plump ; 'Squire, the woman and the goose !

Jonq. Jupiter and Leda ; upon my honour, I never saw a more capital picture !---but, dear sir, the goose happens to be a swan.

Tony. Mayhap 'twas only a goose before you got it. Tim, who is that like in the black wig ?

Jonq. That is the portrait of Charles the Second.

Tony. He's mighty like Matt Muggins the excise-man.

Jonq. It's a Sir Godfrey Kneller ; but I fancy king Charles never sat for it.

Tim. And so they've drawn him standing. Who is the lad with the long hair ?

Jonq. Lad, sir ? that's a Magdalen, by Guido.

Tony. She's a plump Mag. Who is that thin ill-looking fellow ?

Jonq. It's a picture of Cassius, that stabb'd Cæsar---It's a Rubens, very bold.

Tim. Yes, he was a bold fellow.

Jonq. Good keeping !

Tim. Fast enough ; I remember they kept him in Newgate.

Jonq. Charmingly brought out !

Tim.

TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN. 27

Tim. He was brought out in a white cap, tied with black ribbon.

Jonq. What a glow of colouring!

Tim. I never saw a man look better upon the occasion.

Jonq. Greatly designed! forcibly executed!

Tim. Only the peace-officers at his execution, no calling in the military; we have had enough of that already.

Jonq. What harmony of light and shade! What noble masses!

Tim. Masses! He a Papish! I'll bett half an ounce, that Tom Cassius, that stabb'd 'Squire Cæsar, died a Presbyterian.

Tony. How knowing my tutor is!

[*During the above speeches of Tim, Jonquil stands enraptur'd with the picture, not attending him.*]

Cousin, Cousin Jonquil, hollo!

(*Slaps him on the shoulder.*)

Jon. Sir!

Tony. I intend to have my picture taken off some evening or other.

Jonq. You're a very good subject.

Tony. The King has not a better.

Enter Frank.

Frank. Sir, Lord Spindle has sent to let you know, he waits for you at the Cocoa-tree.

Jonq. The chariot at the door?

Frank. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*

Jonq.

28 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

Tonq. Adieu, *mon cher Ami!* [Exit.

Tim. Absolutely, 'Squire, this cousin of your's is a tip-top macaroni.

Ton. Yes, he's a famous mac.

Tim. And his man Frank says he's a dillitante?

Tony. Oh, he's a great dilly; but tho' he seems to love his pictures, as I do my horses, he does not take half so great care of 'em. Think of old bonnets and black and brown heads! Cost him ten thousand pounds too. Why my little Robin, my Whipper-in, looks more decent than the best of them.

Tim. Aye! but when my friend Jack Raddle the painter comes, brush upon 'em, they'll be quite another thing.

Tony. But what keeps him?

Tim. Here he is.

Enter Painter, with a pot of paint and large brush.

Are you there, Jack? Come, fall to.

Tony. Hold, you remember the bargain: Tim, be witness. You're to paint fine large powder'd pretty wigs upon every head in this room, at the rate of half a crown a nob all round.

Tim. That's the bargain.

Painter. And I scorn to go back, tho' it's a tight price, your honour.

Tony. How charmingly they'll look!

Tim. Yes, they'll be quite genteel. Hark'ee, Jack, d'ye see, I recommend you to this here 'squire; so do the job neatly. None of your little starv'd caxons, with one buckle, and that no larger than a pipe stopper;

TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN. 29

per ; but let me see the brownest face against this wall, wigg'd like an alderman.

Painter. Say no more.

Tony. But quick, quick, bustle ; you must have 'em done before cousin comes back.

Enter Diggory.

Dig. Sir, the gentleman's come.

Tony. What gentleman ?

Tim. How should he know ? I'll go see myself.

[*Exit.*

Tony. Come, come, fall to.

Paint. Don't fear, sir ; they shall soon be quite another thing.

Tony. Come along, we'll be with you soon again. Come ; Lord ! how delighted cousin Jonquil will be !

[*Exeunt Tony and Diggory.*

[*The painter, whistling, takes one of the pictures down, and as he sits to it, the scene closes.*]

SCENE, the antichamber.

Enter Pulville, meeting Tony, Tim, and Diggory.

Dig. Here's my master.

Pulv. Sir, your humble servant.

Dig. Sir, this is the—

Tim. Diggory, I tell you once for all, if you come the gentleman usher, while I am by, you'll absolutely knock your head against my fistis.

Dig. Why sure I—

Tony.

30 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

Tony. Go, go, you fool, and see that the painter flaps away briskly. [Exit Diggory.]

Well, fir, are you a barber?

Pulv. A barber! no, fir; my name is Pulville.

Tony. But what are you?

Pulv. I am a perfumer, fir.

Tony. Now, bang me, if I know what trade that is. (*aside.*) Tim, do you talk to him.

Tim. A perfumer? I'm at home, tho' he's too fine for that: I suppose he moulted in Monmouth. (*Aside; struts up to Pulville conceitedly.*) Master, how do ye take 'em?

Pulv. Sir?

Tim. Do you shoot 'em?

Tony. Aye, do you shoot 'em?----What, Tim? (*apart to Tim.*)

Pulv. I shoot, Sir!

Tim. Aye, how do you order it?

Pulv. If you mean my business, fir; by calcination, infusion, mixtures, compositions, philters, and distillation.

Tim. What, then mayhap you don't use the ferret?

Pulv. No, fir, the only essential animal is the civet cat.

Tim. The cat will catch them, I allow; but then they mangle them so cursedly.

Pulv. Mangle who, good fir?

Tim. Ever while you live, take rabbits with a ferret, that's the genteel thing. Mayhap, lad, you're in the hedge-hog way. Have a care, tho', for since
some

some busy fellow put it into the news-paper, that they were as good as a partridge---my bear to a lap-dog, if hedge-hogs don't soon be included in the game-act. You're the first rabbit catcher I ever knew that——

Pulv. I a rabbit catcher! I don't understand you, gentlemen. I'd have you to know, I keep one of the first perfumer's shops in St. James's parish; I can't imagine what you mean, by talking to me about rabbit-catchers and hedge-hogs.

Tony. I believe my tutor knows every thing.

Pulv. Sir, I thought every body knew Mr. Pulville. However, sir, I have the honour to be very well known to the nobility, as my book-debts of ten years standing can sufficiently testify. Rabbit catcher! Sir, sir! I'm original inventor of the genuine Circassian beautifying cosmetic lotion, cream of roses, and powder of pearl. Step into my shop a crocus, and you walk out a narcissus; my sweet lip-salve can change a blubber to a pouting---a walnut to a cherry-lip. Then, sir, my perfumed powders conquer nature; I can give a lady a pink head, a green head, or a blue head. Do you know, sir, that I make the chymical Paphian wash, for eradicating hair; so innocent, it may be used by infants just born, and yet so powerful, that three ablutions give an Esau the hand of a Jacob? And now, sir, with me, and me alone, the elderly maiden ladies deal, for their sweet-scented shaving powder,

Tony. I said he was a barber.

Pulv.

32 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

Pulv. Rabbit-catcher!----Why, fir, my bear's greafe—

Tim. Do you dance a bear, tight boy?

Pulv. Sir, do I look like fuch a fcountrel?

Tim. Scoundrel! Strike you plump, am I a fcountrel?

Pulv. You, fir! I-----

Tim. Aye, poke you well---I dance the fprightlieft bear in all England, that's in the genteel way.

Pulv. Hem!---Sir!---when you want any thing in my way, you'll fee my name, P. Pulville, over the door. Rabbit Catcher! [*Exit Pulville.*]

Tim. (*after Pulville is off*) A bear dancer, a fcountrel! you rafcal, I'll --- he's gone --- he was right; my name is Tim Tickle; and now you've told me your place of abode, call upon me when you will.

Tony. Knows all the points of honour.

Enter Diggory.

Dig. Oh, fir, they're juft done; and 'Squire Jonquil is juft walking out of his carriage.

Tim. I told you, 'Squire, Jack Raddle cou'd touch 'em up in the genteel way, becaufe he's the boy for it; come, we'll take a fquint at his handy work.

Tony. Come, I'm as glad as a guinea; how my coufin Jonquil will be delighted! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene

Scene opens; discovers the picture gallery, most of the portraits with large white wigs; the Painter sits daubing a wig upon a picture, which he has on a chair. Diggory officiously attending.

Dig. Do, let me give him another curl.

Paint. I can't stand it, man;---be still, I say; let him be.

Enter Jonquil.

Jonq. What do I see! confusion! what is all this? (*Stands amazed*)

Dig. I knew he'd be delighted.

Jonq. Stop your sacrilegious hands, you prophane villain.

Paint. Bless your heart, master, I don't grudge you a curl or two more (*Whistles and paints*)

Jonq. My Rembrandt! from the Florentine gallery! You assassin, why did you murder me? (*Seizes the painter*)

Paint. Sir!

Jonq. Answer me, you miscreant; who brought you here? what mortal enemy to the fine arts, what fiend, whisper'd you to perpetrate such an infernal action?

Paint. If this moment was my last, sir, it was white lead of eightpence a pound.

Jonq. White lead, you caitiff!

Paint. How cou'd a poor fellow, like me, afford flake-white for the price?

F

Jonq.

34 TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

Jonq. What price? you barbarian; explain, firrah; confefs, or I'll have you flay'd like Maryas.

Paint. Sir, 'Squire Lumpkin, the little, round, fine gentleman, employ'd me to paint white wigs, upon all the pictures, at half-a-crown a head.

Dig. Indeed, fir, I'm fure my mafter would not grudge twice the money, to make them look decent, as they belong to your honour.

Jonq. I'm undone!

Enter Tony and Tim.

Tony. Eh, Tim! (*Looks exultingly at the pictures*) I believe they are the thing.

Tim. Bang me, but they are quite genteel!

Jonq. Mr. Lumpkin, I thank you, fir.

Tony. I guefs'd you wou'd.

Jonq. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, fir.

Tony. You're mighty welcome.

Jonq. I am eternally your debtor.

Tony. I'll never charge you a penny for it. I believe now they look like gentlemen. How pleas'd I am that I thought of it!

Dig. I thought of it firft.

Tony. You lie.

Tim. You do, Diggory; 'twas I advis'd the 'Squire to it, becaufe I know the genteel thing.

Jonq. Oh, pray, no contention for the brilliancy of the thought; for I'd give three or five thousand pounds to undo what you have done.

Tony. What!

Jonq. You have ruin'd me.

Tony. Anan!

Jonq. You've undone me, sir!

Tony. Who, I! as how?

Jonq. You've spoil'd my pictures.

Tony. Tim!

Tim. I said, at first, it was a damn'd stupid thing of you.

Dig. And you know, 'Squire, I told you, that none but an ass could think of such nonsense.

Tony. Can you unwig 'em again?

Paint. What will I get by that?

Jonq. I'll give you fifty guineas.

Paint. Lay it here.

Jonq. There's the money; charm my longing eyes, once more, with the sight of my Rembrandt's dear, dear, black bonnet.

Paint. Then, sir, they're only done in water colour; so a wet towel and a little soap settles their wigs in five minutes.

Jonq. Tol de rol, loll. Give me your hand; I was dreadfully alarmed; but now I can laugh at it. Ha! ha! ha! what a whimsical thought! but, you stupid rogue, why would you ruin the women?

Paint. I never ruin'd a woman in my life, sir.

Jonq. I mean, why would you put wigs upon the ladies?

Paint. Sure it's the fashion now for all ladies to wear wigs. How charming they look! Poor fellows, ye must soon lose your grandeur!

Enter Frank.

Frank. Sir, the company are come.

Fonq. Very well.

[*Frank looks at the pictures, laughs and exit.*]

Dig. Please your honour, may I laugh at them a little?

Tony. Tutor, kick Diggory out of the room, if you please.

Tim. To oblige you, 'Squire.

Dig. I'll save you the trouble. [*Exit.*]

Fonq. All is now very well; but I have one request to make you.

Tony. What is it, pray?

Fonq. Only to dismiss one of your retinue.

Tim. That's Diggory. (*aside*)

Tony. Who?

Fonq. The bear.

Tony. What! the bear?

Fonq. That's the gentleman.

Tony. Why, Tim, d'ye hear my cousin? Will you?

Tim. Look'ee, 'Squire; this here harmless soul, this bear of mine, has maintained me some years, when I could not do for myself; and though, thanks to my good breeding, I'm grown polite enough to be a gentleman's tutor, yet I'll never be so much in the fashion as to forsake an old benefactor. [*Exit Tim.*]

Tony. I wish I could get any regular family to board him with: enquire among your acquaintance, sir.

Fonq.

Jonq. Sir, I'll do myself the honour to enquire.

Tony. Bruin's a lad of few words, but he's as civil a fellow as ever stood upon two legs. But, cousin Jonquil, I won't offer you your fifty guineas you gave the painter.

Jonq. Say no more; you meant well, and that palliates the consequence. But, for Rubens' sake, forego your pretensions in future to a taste in pictures.

Tony. Well, I know the points of a horse, and that's made by a better workman.

Jonq. Therefore, to the knowledge of horses and dogs, like a true 'Squire, from this moment confine your claim; for if a man will, in opposition to nature, meddle with matters of which he is so extremely ignorant, he must inevitably render himself the object of ridicule and laughter.

Tony. Laughter! and what's pleasanter than a laugh? By jingo, a laugh is all I wanted.

If I've rais'd some sweet smiles on those lovely fair
faces,

I am glad I put wigs on their sisters, the Graces:
I would not offend you for more than I'll mention;
To please all my friends, was my only intention.

THE END.

4 AP 54

Of T. CADELL, Bookfeller, opposite Catherine-street, Strand, may be had the following pieces :

BONDUCA : a Tragedy, written by Beaumont and Fletcher, with Alterations.

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS, THE MAID OF BATH, The COZENERS, The NABOB, and The TRIP TO CALAIS, to which is annexed The CAPUCHIN, all written by the late SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq; and published by Mr. COLMAN. Also

The TAILORS, a Tragedy for warm weather.

BUXOM JOAN, a Burletta in one Act, and the Airs, Duets, Trios, and Finale introduced in the Comedy of the SPANISH BARBER ; Likewise SUMMER AMUSEMENT ; or, An ADVENTURE AT MARGATE, a Comic Opera, and the Airs, Duets, and Trios in the Musical Farce called The SON-IN-LAW, as they are all performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market.

The MANAGER IN DISTRESS, a Prelude, on opening the Hay-Market Theatre, May 30, 1780. Written by GEORGE COLMAN.

OF THE CABELL, Bookeller, opposite
Catharine Street, St. Louis, may be had the
following pieces:

Benvenuto's Tragedy, written by Dumas; and
F. Schiller, with Alterations.

The Devil from two Stricks, The Maid
of Bath, The Cossacks, The Nabob, and
The Fair of Calais, to which is annexed The
Cavalcade, all written by the late SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Esq. and published by Mr. COLMAN. A.D.

The Tailor, a Tragedy for warm weather.

Buxton, Jean, a Bachelor in one Act, and the Air
Dance, Trice, and Fiddle introduced in the Comedy
of the Spanish Barber; likewise Buxton
Amusement, or, An Adventure at Alacran,
a Comic Opera, and the Air, Dance, and Trice in
the Musical Trice called The Son-in-Law, as they
are all performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-
Market.

The Manager in Distress, a Farce, on even-
ing the Hay-Market Theatre, May 30, 1780. Written
by George Colman.

4 AP 54

